

but anyway just about the time i was deciding
i'd have to give him a poke in the snoot,

he finally left the bar.

i felt bad then
that i hadn't done anything.
i had a couple more drinks
and then i was sure i would never
for the rest of my life
forgive myself
for not having gotten into it with him.

the next morning,
when i woke up,
my first thought was,

"thank god i didn't bother with that guy!"

AN OCCASIONAL POET

Ten years ago my good friend
Patricia Hamilton Dominique Esme O'Connor Cherin
has her first poem published in Wormwood Review.
I still think that it was an excellent poem.
It was called, I believe, "The Night I Was Donna Reed,"
and it was about her dreams
and their violation by reality,
especially by the reality of a doctor
she was briefly in love with.

The point of all this
is that she wrote a second poem a few years ago
and it is on the wall of her bathroom
and I can't get her to send it out
so I'm incorporating it into this poem
without her permission
because I think her second poem is her second great poem,
and, don't worry, she isn't the sort to sue any of us.

The poem is entitled, "William of Orange,"
and it goes:

William eats oranges.
William is an orange.

For my money, Esme's still batting 1000.